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THE OMEN

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TO SUBMIT:

Submissions are Saturdays before 8 P.M. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, semaphore, or email. Get your submissions to Abby Ohlheiser, Mod 22 Room C, Box 0929, awo03@hampshire.edu.

"It recently became important for me to have a non-verbal symbol for pedophilia."
-Daniel Cottle, on Ghandi

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ANGRY EDITORIAL Hampshire College Is Full Of Shit or, Why I Hate the Faculty

[by Jacob Lefton]

Hello faithful and unfaithful readers! Betcha didn't expect to see my shining prose adorning this page again. I can just hear you moan in agony, saying to your best beloved, "Weren't we saved from this plague when Abby came back from Harvard?"

That's what I thought too, but she's "too busy" with some Div III nonsense. That's okay. She's dead to me now. Consider this her eulogy and now lets get onto some more important business.

Since we've started off on the wrong foot, let's continue in that direction with a list of things that are pissing me off right now, from the petty and insignificant to the personally relevant (but having no impact on your life). For starters, have you noticed how they're [as if it was a specific group] making a lot of decisions without informing students that it's happening. I'm speaking mainly about two big events at the beginning of this year: the retirement community and the changes to the new Div I plan.

Let's say a few words about "Veridian Village at Hampshire College" first. The benefits of this look great in the long term. We'll have developers paying rent on the land for as long as they have it, and then after fifty or ninety-nine years, the residents themselves will be paying rent

to Hampshire, and Hampshire will have control over the property. Hooray! A constant revenue source for the college, something we sorely need. Also, it'll be populated by old people, who will eventually die and hopefully leave huge chunks of change and trust funds to dear old Hampshire.

Okay, money in the long term is great, I hear you say, so what are you so unsure about? Well, old people. I mean no disrespect, but old people are generally more conservative, less radical, and more tempered and beaten down with age than the young. We've already got one community of condos nearby that complains whenever we play our music too loud. We don't need another. Also, considering what insane amounts of damage various old fogies in the administration have done to the Div I plan, we hardly need another community of those types next door.

And, the way we found out about Veridian Village? Well, we got an e-mail from the president telling us that, hooray, the decision was just made, isn't that great? Um. No. You should tell us *before* you make a decision like that. I don't mean three years in advance. I mean, the week before you go and vote about big decisions, you should let us know you're going to be doing something major.

Similarly, over the summer, some committee of administrators, deans, and faculty got together and made the third semester an *obligatory* 'transition phase,' rather than letting it be there if you need it. I don't know all the details, but all I know is that they went over the head of the administration's Educational Policy Committee—which is supposed to be where these academic decisions come from. I should know, I'm on it. And by God, I would have fought tooth and nail for something like that not to happen.

To wrap up this section, I just want to ask the administration what the hell they're thinking? Do they want to alienate students even more? We inherently have the least power in the school because the student body is completely different every four years. Hampshire wants to be all about self directed learning, and yet some complete fools in the administration and faculty keep taking that out of the hands of students! That's "fool" in the harshest, most venomous sense possible. Who was it, may I ask, who fucked with our system to give us the broken mess *still* known as the "New Div I Plan?" What body of a hundred learned elders debated and discussed for a considerable amount of time, making derestable 'compromises' that left the plan uniquely lump and uninspiring like wet toilet paper, before finally voting

Continued on next page

POLICY

The Omen is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion.

Everything the Omen receives, provided it is sent from a member of the Hampshire community, will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Although we find such things amusing and entertaining for countless hours, it is just not an option in this forum. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupported while doing maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The Omen will not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar). You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the Omen do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

There is no Omen staff, save those positions of editor-in-chief and layout editor. To qualify for community service you must be a consistent contributor and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings. Meetings are held every Tuesday after release of an issue in the Leadership Center at 6PM. Everyone, everywhere, living or dead, should come.

The Omen loves you



THE OMEN'S STAFF

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)



Volume 27 • Issue 2

September 29th, 2006



SECTION HATE

We hate so
you don't
have to.



without any student voices present?

It's funny how we, the students, the paying customers, have so little say, even at an institution that is trying to be so experimental and individualized and good for our confidence. We have absolutely no vote in the final decisions that happen with our curriculum—everything that goes through the previously mentioned EPC must be finally approved by the Faculty Meeting, which is totally, completely, and utterly closed to students. On the Board of Trustees, that oversees our mission and how we spend our money, students have one vote out of twenty-five.

We need to approach this constructively, no matter how pissed off we are. I'm one of the people who helped precipitate Hexter's "Remaking of a College," in which he's re-exploring our mission

statement, trying to update it for the next thirty years, because he, as well as I, think that we are quite directionless, having a sort of mid-life crisis right now. We both feel that in the next few years Hampshire will choose a direction with our ever-changing philosophies that will make or break the school. While the rest of liberal arts education has been leaning more toward Hampshire, we've been leaning more mainstream. It's time to pull away again.

When the "Remaking of a College" discussion comes back around, join me in saying, constructively, how full of shit we and our 'liberal arts' education are and that it's time again to radically push the edges of higher education.



Communication Failures

Hampshire administration has been making many changes to the physical campus without telling the student body. Communication on many matters is inconsistent, but especially in this area - for instance, over the summer all students received various emails warning about the conversion of the ring road into a one-way road and addition of parking and speed bump on that road, but we were not notified that the dining commons' front room had been remodeled.

Similarly, recently the Hampshire community received a memo from President Ralph Hexter informing us of the planned construction of a 'residential community' on Hampshire-owned land, but there was no word of the plan to clear the woods areas between EDH and Enfield, behind Merrill House, and behind the dining commons of 'underbrush,' completely changing the woody ethos so cherished by students. In addition, carpets were removed from Merrill House dorm halls and rooms over the summer as part of ongoing

renovations. Even if there are reasonable, justified motives behind these changes on campus, students should be respected enough as the people directly affected by these changes to be notified.

Many students say that the campus feels 'impermanent.' Which makes sense- when significant, permanent aesthetic changes are made with no notification or community participation, the feeling of alienation from the college as a place where students live, study, sleep, and eat is intensified. We pay to be here (considerable amounts!) and would like to regard Hampshire as a home. Of course, our time at Hampshire is relatively short (four years on average), but it's well-nigh impossible to foster a sense of belonging and community in the time-span if it is made expressly clear by the actions of the college that what current students think is not important.

The Airport Lounge, a recognized student community space, was also renovated recently, but that change was made with much input from students and a public planning schedule so that suggestions and comments could be

made. Though, it must be said that even though suggestions for improvements were taken into account in planning the renovations, there was no chance for the community to review the final changes before they occurred. The dining commons, however, was renovated over the summer but no email, letter or other notice or even warning given to the students. There was no publicity of the planned change, and no system to submit suggestions set up. The students in the dorms visit the dining commons at least daily, as they are required to be

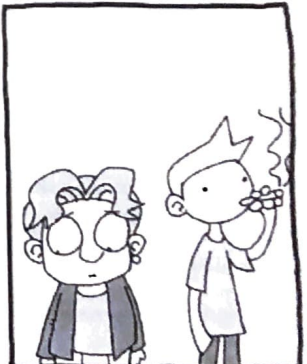
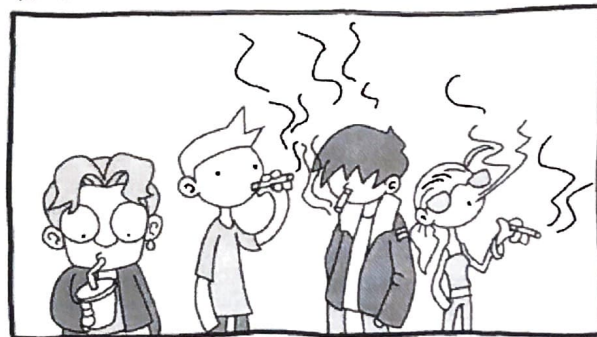
on the meal plan.

In Maslow's hierarchy of needs, basic physical needs like shelter and food need to be met before a human being can move onto satisfying higher needs like love and belongingness. In the case of Hampshire students, the dining commons is a space that fosters all these processes - physical and social. As such, though the body of students who use the dining commons changes each year, for that time they come to view it as their space, and recognize it, if reluctantly, as an important space. Perhaps the college

may have good reasons for renovating and making the choices that were made in that process - or Sodexho was in charge of the renovations. In any case, it was the college's responsibility to inform the student body. When changes like these are made, the least that can be done is to acknowledge the importance of the matter to student's daily lives and inform them of changes to be made, if not consult them and take note of opinions and suggestions!



NATE vs. HEALTH CONSCIOUSNESS, HAMPSHIRE-STYLE



[by Nate Wooters]

What should you do for your Div II?

[by Abby Ohlheiser]

Oh, the dreaded Div II contract! First, an easy year on our super happy fun First Year Plan, and then the mysterious third semester. All your favorite professors are on sabbatical – or, they think you're a total douchebag and are just telling you that so they don't have to work with you – and you have no idea what you want to study. Why waste time thinking about it? Just pick something! This quiz will help you narrow down your choices.

- 1 What is your favorite color?
- Black... just like my clothes
 - Black ... just like my soul
 - Black and white
 - Menstrual blood

- 2 Pick the most acceptable occupational hazard:

- Suicide
- UN intervention
- Lingering chemical smell.
- Hatred of penises.

- 3 You overhear these five quotes, from five different people. Which person do you hate the most?

- "If you don't have something nice to say, don't say anything at all."
- "I'm a vegetarian"
- "Sally Mann? Didn't she molest her children?"
- [has a cock]

- 4 Whom would you like to sleep with the most?

- Death. For there is no other mate

for my suffocating, shattered soul.
b. Santa Claus. I'd ass-rape him in front of all the world's children.
c. Andy Warhol
d. Ted Nugent

5) It's two years in the future: you've done nothing of substance. How are you going to convince your committee to pass you?

- Break down in their office and threaten to start cutting myself again.
- Leave a dead puppy in their mailbox.
- Oh, they'll pass me. It's never been a problem for anyone else.
- Insinuate that if they don't, I'll sue for discrimination.

If You answered:

Mostly "A's": **"The Sickness unto Death of my Tormented Soul:" Autobiography in Poetic Expression**

You should waste two years writing terrible poems about yourself. Stuff like

*Night, through the window like a mirror to my soul
Tainted with my wretched life, shattered by my sighs
My body, nailed to a cross by a thousand nails*

With no God to bring me to life after I die.
Please don't kill yourself. Hampshire doesn't have any money and can't afford to have your parents sue.

Mostly B's: **"Killing rats in Cole Basement: Oh, and some science too"**

Let's face it. You've known that you wanted to be a scientist ever since you dissected a cute little kitty in 7th grade science class. You'll do any sort of science, really, as long as you get to make small things squirm... and for that matter, have the same effect on your friends when they ask about your day.

Mostly C's. **"Look at ME!": I take pretty photos!**

Lucky bastard, don't worry about a thing. You can take pictures of your cigarette butts for two years straight, turn it in, and pass onto Div III without a problem.

Mostly D's: **"Vaginas, Vaginas, Vaginas! They're totally better than Penises. Bleh. Penises are gross and oppressive."**

You'll end up immersing yourself in the skill of learning how to make other people feel bad by getting angry and telling them that they're sexist. You'll put pictures of vaginas up on your walls and on your car bumper, you'll make plaster casts of your boobs and show them to everyone on campus, and you'll refuse to read books by dead white men. You can do anything you want, but it won't stop you from having those pesky rape fantasies.



Accepted: To Hampshire

[by Gus Andrews, F95]

On old buddy Roger's advice, I went out today to see the movie Accepted before it left the theaters for good. ZOMG, check it out, he said. It's completely about Hampshire. I had gotten that vibe from the trailers, in which a dude, who looks suspiciously like the Saturday Night Live actor in the sketches about Hampshire, starts his own college. The movie got lukewarm reviews, but I gave it a shot.

In a post-American Pie age, where movies about teenagers tend to be oversexed, this one hearkens back to well-meaning goofball school comedies like PCU and Revenge of the Nerds. In fact, it's pretty clear that someone on the project was aiming for that effect: the soundtrack makes overt reference to The Breakfast Club and its sensibilities (other noteworthy soundtrack features include the Pixies' song U-Mass, the Ramones, and Le Tigre).

And yes, it was totally about Hampshire. Or possibly Evergreen. Or Goddard, or Johnson College at U of Redlands, or someplace else at the fringes of the educational system. Well. OK. Seeing as ol' Alma Mater just sent me the surprisingly thick guide to being a Hampshire Alumni Admissions Interviewer (yes, I signed up, obviously nobody up there remembers the chanting and muckraking and smack-talking I did anymore. ahahahaaa. no, seriously, there are less safe people to send out to greet the n00bs. i'll be good, I swear. I'm a Respectable Member Of Academia now) I should probably

qualify the comparison. So here's Your Guide To Viewing Accepted And Being Accepted To Hampshire.

In college, I can expect:

...to major in skateboarding, explaining to my parents that I'm learning about aerodynamics, physics, and mechanical engineering.

Quite possibly, John Dwork did it with frisbee, adding a business component and a study of the history of sports to those topics. Legend has it he went on to work at Wham-O, though The Internets seem to think he's currently best known for editing a number of books on the Grateful Dead.

... that my parents will still wonder about my employability despite my explanations.

Depends on what they're like, but if you expect that, then probably, yeah. Luckily, if you play your cards right at Hampshire you'll probably be much more employable than that guy in the movie who's trying to blow things up using his mind.

... that a professor who lives in squalor on campus will lead class in a bathrobe, holding court like an extra-crazed Lewis Black and developing a massive cult following.

Maybe. Most of the faculty who used to live on campus have retired or moved off to start families, but Hampshire does tend to attract younger faculty with a real zeal for continuing the character

SECTION
SPEAK

News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

of the place, so you may have some aspiring characters on campus. I hear Lester Mazor used to hold court in the clothing-optional hours in the sauna, but I guess he retired. Michael Lesy has his cult following, but he's much less genial than Lewis Black, so unless you have a thick skin, I'd steer clear. Lynn Miller will certainly engage you in debate on the ineffables, wearing his trademark bolo tie and swilling something dubious from an Erlenmeyer flask. He's probably your best bet.

... that students will invent their own classes, and they'll have titles like "Walking around thinking about things" or "Listening to the materials."

Err... no. You may be thinking of Goddard College, from which Hampshire students got periodic reports from transferring refugees. At least at times in the past, students have been able to set their own curricula at Goddard, contracting with professors to complete a course of study at the beginning of a semester.

While I still, to this damn day, wish that I was allowed to develop my own courses at the beginning of the semester -- would someone PLEASE offer courses titled "Time, Space, and the Internet" or "Cultivating Memes," already? I can give you a reading list! -- this is unfortunately a very difficult model of education to sustain. Self-directed learning is far too amorphous a product to standardize, and standardization is what capitalism wants from us all. Even more unfortunately for such attempts, Hampshire and Goddard students tend to be so deeply opposed to standardization that they fall into

anarchy and personal dissolution. Given enough rope to hang themselves with, these students don't even finish the curricula they've developed. I'm speaking from personal experience, here. Don't tell me you'd be different, damn you, I'm a doctoral student in education at a dang Ivy League school now; do you really think you can take me? I know you, you little punk. sheesh.

There is an exception at Hampshire, of course: the periodic "Re-Radicalization" movements and the January courses led by students. During my time the former were led by an erstwhile homeschooler, who insisted that Real Learning could only be achieved by "asking our own questions about our everyday lives" memorably satirized by Hampshire comedy major Eugene Mirman as "learning about film by smelling the camera". This homeschooler proposed that we pay Hampshire tuition -- at the time, the highest in the country -- to take classes from our fellow students, effectively(?) seceding from the college. Fortunately, he was largely ignored by the administration, though he did attempt to commandeer a handful of incoming students to participate in this ill-advised project. His legacy is a series of student-taught courses of varying worth, which did in fact have titles like the ones scrawled on the whiteboard in Accepted.

Not to completely dismiss the perennial anguish of students about Hampshire's slide into normalcy, though: the readings we did on our own during that time certainly prepared me well for graduate school in education.

... that everyone will drink and hang out by the pool all the time.

Um, no. If you want to drink, you can find drinking; if you want to do drugs, those probably exist too, but I was on the substance free hall, so I wouldn't know. That's sort of the glory of Hampshire: if you want it, it's there, but it's most definitely not the only social life to be had. And they're not going to let you near the pool with glass containers. Sorry, even Hampshire has rules about getting glass shards in your feet, ya hippie.

... that hippies will walk around barefoot all the time and get their feet sliced open.

Uh, yeah, even rules about not getting glass shards in your feet won't stop hippies. Rules won't even stop hippies from intentionally composting on their dorm halls. Stupid hippies. That wasn't in the movie, though; that's just a sweeping editorial vagary.

... that "accreditation," when it rolls around, will consist of a courtroom-like hearing where my ragtag bunch of misfit friends will go up against a board of stiff-looking old white people, and it'll just be our word against the frathead morons at the snobby college down the road!

Uh, no. You really think they'd take your word for it that your college is working? They visit campus and take notes. Cmon. Stupid hippies.

... that a small, dubious-looking group of students will be responsible for making up just about everything

resembling campus life.

Yep. That's the Super Sixty, five dozen of us who made a power grab to make Hampshire better, or at least make ourselves feel important. We didn't start the school like the guys in the movie, but we and our predecessors and heirs are responsible for the school's various enduring cafes, publications, and shops.

Hampshire students are notorious for starting their own fun; there's no organizations like the Lampoon or Skull and Bones which have been around for a hundred billion years, so each generation of students tends to show up, say "why the hell doesn't anything happen on this campus?!", and, say, start a burger delivery joint in a third-floor lounge one night on a whim. (Nate, where are you now?) Great for learning how to start and sustain organizations, shitty if you expect your fun to be there when you get there or if you want tenured professors who won't disappear halfway through your Div III (it is up to YOU to put recommendation letters in their folders when they come up for review; it is up to YOU to make noise with the trustees, people). The Super Sixty have their pros and cons; some of them end up being weird demagogues, like the guy who started the secession movement or like his predecessors, the group who demanded that the college stop mowing its lawns. But even some of the really overbearing Super Sixty members who you think are bound to wash out or get arrested become law professors or political science experts or artists with cult followings

or published authors/members of Negativland/successful at the same brand of irritating editorialism they cultivated while at school.

... that campus will be full of a bunch of weirdos who I will tell stories about for the rest of my life, and I, as one of them, will feel more comfortable among them than just about any group of people I'll ever meet.

Yes.

That was my favorite part about Accepted, actually. Like Revenge of the Nerds and Real Genius, it's not about college at all -- that's just window dressing. It's about being accepted for who you are, on your own terms. For me, as a high school senior about to

head off to college, that was absolutely what I was all about. I really didn't care about college so much as I cared about not having to put up with the same old normalizing bullshit I'd put up with for the past twelve years. So I packed myself off to Hampshire where it all fell away, leaving me free to discover the bullshit I made other people, locally and globally, put up with on my behalf. It felt like hell at the time, but I definitely wouldn't trade it for the ongoing feeling-that-everything-ought-to-be-fine-all-the-time which I see my Harvard alumni friends struggling with.

yes, two roads diverged in an Amherst wood... sing it with me



The Whole Truth

Why was 6 afraid of 7?

Our story begins late one evening, about a week ago, as 6 was strolling home from his accounting job. About three blocks from home 6 heard rustling in some bushes. Curious, he decided to investigate. There 6 saw 7 on top of 9. "Hum." 6 at first mused to himself, "looks like these two had some evening on the town". That was when 6 noticed that 7 wasn't actually

passed out. He wasn't passed out at all! "Oh my God!" realized 6, "He's eating her!" 6 cautiously and quietly backed away for one full block before booking it the rest of the way back to his house. 6 didn't sleep a wink that night, terrified of what fate might befall him if he did. 6 never hung out with 7 after that.



A Superbly Brilliant Idea

[by J. S. Hilliard]

With my keen sense of observation, I have noticed an unsettling trend during my four years here at Hampshire College. This trend may surprise or even frighten some. It speaks to the deep-seated societal pressures at work here on the Hampshire campus, and the struggle for all of us, male or female, black or white, homosexual or heterosexual, to accept this fundamental problem that pervades all we know. It is something that cries out for us, and says: "Help me, please, kind sir person." It is, simply put, this: There are more students accepted to Hampshire every fall than there are number of beds.

One would imagine that those involved in the admissions process might identify this problem (as I clearly have) and begin measures to alleviate the bed shortage (like accepting fewer students....). Alas, they have not. But I guess we can't really expect them to: more students means more money means a better Hampshire, right? But shouldn't every student get a bed on campus? And when I say bed, I mean a room, *not a lounge*. Shouldn't this be an unalienable right of a Hampshire student?

Maybe we could build more dormitories on campus? What a great idea! Or maybe we could build a senior center across the street! Which one would you go for? The school went for a senior center across the way.

Now let's be honest though: Ralph Hexter and company were not given a choice between a senior center and more dormitories; it was not one or the other. But why is Hampshire even entertaining the idea of building (or contracting, it doesn't really matter, the point is they talked about it and decided it was a good idea, rather than talking about more dormitories and deciding that was a good idea) a senior center, when we don't even have enough room for all of our students? I smell more green....! Shouldn't the students' welfare be the school's first concern? Attracting seniors or housing students, hmmm, tough choice. Living in a lounge sucks. I know: I did it for a semester. And I am sure living at Amherst College or the HoJo sucks even more.

An aside: I hear a lot of talk about community. The thing is, community doesn't really exist at Hampshire — it just exists in a few people's minds. But if we really *did* want community, displacing a sizable portion of that so called community to areas far from the campus is certainly not a way

to engender the fuzzy warm feeling of community we are reaching for. The kind of community that would magically solve all of our problems and spread throughout the world; gushing, loving waves of community bathing the world in our inherent goodness. But community sucks like a Hoover anyway; this aside is just for me to bash it, so let's move on to the important stuff.

Hampshire College should provide adequate (i.e. not lounges) housing for every student. Hampshire College is not doing this. Either accept fewer students or build housing for the large number of students that are coming to Hampshire every year. Simple, elegant, masterful. I'm like Alexander the Great meets Leonardo da Vinci: I cut the Gordian knot and then paint the most beautiful fucking picture you have ever seen with its frayed ends. And then travel back in time and ride a T. Rex because I'm bored. You may thank me at a later date Hampshire; I know you are busy building shit.

THE END



"Parachute
fail me now!
Pants, don't"

[by Enrique Van Slyke]

Movie Store

I used to work at a movie store.

I like to tell people that. People are impressed by that. They shouldn't be; it's as shitty and boring a job as most clerk positions, but... you get free movies. And if you can't actually *make* movies, you can at least surround yourself with them. Maybe that way some of that genius dialogue and cinematography and mis-en-scene and the rest of that shit will just...soak into you. Osmosis or something. That's what people think.

And besides—Quentin Tarantino worked in a movie store.

My movie store was called mr. movies. The lowercase letters are accurate; that's how they spelled it. The neon sign out front said "mr. movies" in green letters tinged with white. There is something grating about a business that expects you to write its name without capitals. It is an attempt at being cute. And it fails.

The name is obnoxious for another reason, and that's the phone. When you make the nightly late calls, you must say, in your perkier flight attendant voice, "Hi, this is mr. movies calling, it looks like you have two movies out which are currently overdue, so if you could get those back as soon as possible, that would be great, thanks!" You say that in one long of breath, like it's one word. One obnoxiously, painfully cheerful word. But the problem is that when you answer the phone at mr. movies, it sounds like you're saying

that you yourself are this "mr. movies" character, and it makes you feel very small and stupid, especially if you're a girl.

Perhaps that is the intention.

There are lots of things about working at mr. movies that belittle a person. Everything is bright green and white and bathed in unflattering fluorescent. When you put on your uniform, you will swallow your pride. You will choke it down a little as you pull on that ugly gray sweatshirt with the mr. movies logo on the left breast. You will pull the sweatshirt over the white polo T-shirt because it is Minnesota and it is January and the owner refuses to turn the thermostat above sixty-five degrees. And when a beautiful, beautiful boy from school walks in, you will pretend he doesn't know you, because that is much easier than having someone recognize you in your mr. movies sweatshirt.

It is something I had to get over, because I wanted the free movies. I wanted to pretend I was Tarantino. And it wasn't always bad; on weeknights, you could spend hours talking about classic kung fu or art directors with the other movie geeks working there. Because everyone that worked there was a movie geek. When you have movies to talk about with someone, you will never run out of things to say. You will become locked in an eternal battle of wits—whose trivia is the most obscure.

Who's that new chick they're using in "Grind House," the body double from "Sin City?"

Who's seen "Battle Royale?" Where did they get it?

How crazy was that scene between Dennis Hopper and Christopher Walken in "True Romance"? And didn't you like Patricia Arquette and Christian Slater a lot better after you saw that movie?

Same goes for Val Kilmer in Tombstone, as Doc Holiday. Changed your whole perception of him.

On Saturdays, though, there was no talking. On Saturdays I got up early to spend all day with the owner/manager/shithead. Six and a half hours. No lunch breaks. In Minnesota, a seven-hour shift necessitates by law a break of some kind. But a six-and-a-half shift does not. The owner/manager/shithead was well versed in information of this kind. His name was Dan Fangmeier and he started pay at 5.50 an hour, which is below minimum wage, but nobody said anything. The movie geeks just wanted the free movies.

But Saturdays with Dan Fangmeier were the closest to hell a person as privileged as myself can come. Dan Fangmeier does not let you just stand behind the counter when there are no customers present. He makes you clean shelves, for hours, or maybe wash the windows. Dan Fangmeier stocks a very cheap cleaning product; it is bright green, with no label. Maybe he likes that it matches the store colors. But when you clean shelves for more than a few hours, this cheap cleaning product begins to eat your hands. It

[by Athena Currier]

dries them out like it's getting revenge for something, and when you pull on your Minnesota mittens after work, the wool scrapes at your raw skin, and you think, fuck you Dan Fangmeier.

Dan Fangmeier keeps a giant bottle of cheap lotion under the counter for this reason. To combat the cheap cleaning product. But you don't use the lotion because you hate Dan Fangmeier. Dan Fangmeier who doesn't let anyone take a break for dinner, even when they're working the 4-10 shift. Dan Fangmeier who wears a cheap little American flag pin on the collar of his polo shirt. Dan Fangmeier who refused to put up a "Brokeback Mountain" poster. Dan Fangmeier who has a live feed from the store cameras to his house, so he can watch you at all hours, in grainy black and white.

There is always a movie playing in the store, something to keep the customers entertained without confusing or offending them. The rule is that it can only be a G-rated movie, though on Sunday mornings, when Dan Fangmeier stays home for church, the guys put in "Sin City," or the raunchiest episodes of "Family Guy" and "Arrested Development."

But Saturdays are the day of Dan Fangmeier. And he takes the G-rated rule very seriously. He doesn't bother to change a movie when it finishes. He just hits play and watches it again. And again. His favorite movie to play is "Valiant" because it repeats of its own accord, without any prompting from a remote. It just loops and loops.

You may not have heard of "Valiant." Don't worry. It's not some hilarious and cheesy B-movie that someone would

watch for fun. It's not a Disney classic. It is a Disney-Pixar computer-animated monstrosity that went straight to video last year. It is the story of Valiant, a small but brave carrier pigeon that wishes to join Great Britain's Royal Air Force Homing Pigeon Service during WWII. Sadly, it features the voice talents of some pretty awesome people: Ewan McGregor, Ricky Gervais, Tim Curry, Hugh Laurie, and John Cleese were all stupid enough to sign up for the pigeon movie.

You are lucky if you have never heard of "Valiant." The animation is unattractive and makes far too much use of pink and blue pastels. The songs are uninspired. The Britishness is overdone. And the story is one that Disney has told a thousand times before. Adding up all the Saturday of shelf-cleaning and Dan Fangmeier, I have watched perhaps fifty hours of "Valiant." It is a seventy-six minute movie. I know it from the Miyazaki previews to the credits with the extended musical number.

But I always brag about having worked in a movie store. Because it's something people take notice of. And because, when you are a spoiled white girl from an excessively friendly town in the Midwest, it's difficult to come up with reasons to feel sorry for yourself. I don't get a lot of decent opportunities to complain. This job provided a good one.

Movie geeks are silly people. If you ask them about politics, they won't have much to say. They won't know why that is, exactly; they understand the importance of politics, in theory, but there are simply too many movies

waiting to be seen for them to keep up with world affairs. They will quiz each other mercilessly with inane movie trivia:

Who's seen "Pink Flamingos," the John Waters movie with the infamous shit-eating scene?

Was "Dogville" pretentiously artistic, or actually meaningful?

Besides the Sam Raimi stuff, have you checked out the incredible B-movie classics in Horror and Sci-Fi? Like Re-Animator? Barbarella? Frankhooker? I've been meaning to see those forever.

They take about movies like they were textbooks, or at least classic literature. Things they truly need to see, because they add to one's perceived level of intellect—if only in this specific sect of geeks.

Do you know where to find that crazy Robert Redford drug movie, "The Trip?"

How much of the Ed Wood stuff have you seen?

Have you heard about Alan Ball's new project? Or Darren Aronofsky?

Who's actually seen "Freaks?" We've all heard about it.

Dude, and Linda Hamilton as Sarah Connor, in Terminator 2? So fucking badass. Don't care if she's kind of ugly, she was such a badass.

Some of them never know how to leave. When high school was over, or a higher-paying restaurant job came along, most of us left mr. movies. Most of us realized that our love of films would not be diminished if we weren't in their immediate vicinity at all times. In fact, in a way, it makes it better. Movie stores turn movies into

commodity; they are no longer an art form, merely a product. For every copy of "Everything is Illuminated" the store gets, they will have forty copies of "Deuce Bigalow: European Gigalow." Customers will bring this title to the counter and ask you, "is this good?" You will have to be polite enough to say to them, "I haven't seen that one yet," and shrug your shoulders good-naturedly. When they return the movie late and complain about fees, you will have to restrain yourself from telling them that they deserve to pay extra for their poor taste in movies. So most of us, when the time comes, we are ready to leave. We will still love movies, always and always, but we don't need to rent them to people any longer.

But some of them don't leave. One of my friends is still there, too lazy or scared to apply to college. He is working the six-and-a-half hour shifts, standing late behind the counter on his Saturday evenings, wondering what his girlfriend thinks of him as she grows increasingly comfortable with the boys at Carleton College.

We are movie geeks. We are mr. movies geeks. We love movies. We will watch them and talk about them for as large a percentage of our lives as we can get away with. And we may never make them. When it comes to it, we may never finish a movie, even a four-minute music video. Some of us will always be behind the counter, watching Valiant for the eighty-sixth time, and dreaming of the day we will make movies.



Sex Positions 101 (Advice from a virgin)

Yes, I'm a virgin, and yes, it's on purpose. However, I am also a human and being human, I am wont to think about sex. So here are a couple of sex positions that sound interesting/I'd like to try/have been suggested/scare me/I'm not sure are possible given the laws of physics.

Guy Doing Handstand On Top of Girl: I imagine this is easier for oral sex. For vaginal sex, I expect that he wouldn't actually be able to straighten up. My suggestion is that he stays in a tucked position, and she tucks up to meet him. This is a great ab workout. Hold for a count of twenty before thrusting, thrust for a count of twenty, hold for a count of twenty, etc. until either or both parties are satisfied or are no longer able to move.

Girl Riding Guy Cowgirl Style, and Then She Bends Over and Sucks His Big Toe: I read that in Cosmo once. Um. I'm not sure why that sounds like a good idea. Unless you wanted another workout where he bucks to get you off and you try to hold on. I suppose it's a variation of "Rodeo". Interestingly, they didn't specify if his feet should be clean or not. That may end up being personal preference.

Training Your Significant Other To Come When You Whistle: It worked for Pavlov. (Basically.)
1000 Mile High Club: Although this

refers to being in a plane (and I think mountains count too), I think it could work with illegal substances too. Oh. But don't do that because you can't give consent if you're in an altered state of mind. So I guess this is just a bad idea in general, because something about sex in an extremely cramped bathroom just seems exceptionally unappealing. Plus, I have this fear of the feces jumping up out of that little hole, and that's just unsexy beyond belief.

Spooning: I hear that's sort of a girl thing. Guys seem to prefer forking. I think if you're going to do it like that there should at least be some soup involved. Or Lucky Charms. ("Get Lucky With Lucky Charms!" Call me later, General Mills. I'll cut you in on a deal.)

Artistic: You be the canvas. He'll use his paintbrush to cover you in paint.

Doggy Style: Another good arm workout. Is woofing encouraged? Panting afterwards seems entirely appropriate.

69: Like most other Hampshire students, I'm not good with math. Numbers=bad. I'd rather we get out of the restraints of numbers, and explore the possibilities of letters instead.

Who's In My Mouth?: Suggested by Dane Cook. I advise using this if you

have five or more willing partners. I think it's sort of self-explanatory. Or at least, it's more fun to use your imagination.

The Lotus: It's a Karma Sutra position, but I'm not entirely sure how it would work. I saw a book of Things To Try Before You Die, and that was one of them. Except the picture was mostly censored out, so it wasn't that helpful. Maybe you both sit in half or full lotus (standard meditation position) and just think about having sex.

While Doing Handstands: Sure, you may not be able to do a handstand now, but what great incentive! An even better reward once you *can* do a handstand. Practice safe sex though. Stretch first.

Using a Harness Such That One Or Both of You Are Dangling From the Ceiling: Not for those afraid of heights. I don't know if insurance covers the damages that might ensue.

Orgies: Can someone think of a new name for it? It's so close to the word "ogre". And then I start picturing an orgy of ogres and I end up running screaming from the room.

Missionary: I know it's named as such because it's "conservative" but I think that it also applies to oral sex with one person standing and the other on his or her knees in lieu of praying. I think this is most appropriate when either party screams "Oh, God" repeatedly. Does this vary across religions? What about the polytheists? Are some gods referred to by name? How about different languages? Do the French scream "Mon Dieu!"? What about the atheists? If one party is religious and the other isn't, that seems most appropriate. If both are of different religions, I'd assume they end up trying to convert each other, and I don't know if they would ever actually get around to the sex. You might want to talk this one over before engaging in it.

Standing Up In a Hammock: It's what you do after one party moans "I want you in the worst way." It has been suggested that being stabbed during this form of intercourse would add an extra bit of spice.

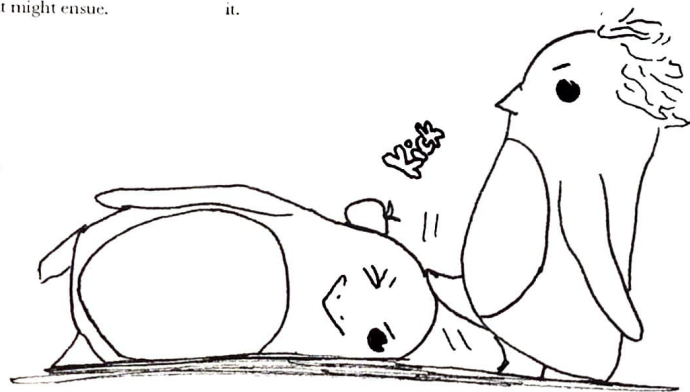
Aural Sex: The proper term for phone sex. During normal sex, your sense of taste, sight, and touch most likely get used the most. (Maybe smell, depending on your partner.) In this one, you use only your sense of hearing.

The Philosopher: You be the chicken, your partner is the egg. Who comes first?

Now class, I hope you've learned a lot during this lecture. However, you can't learn simply by reading, so grab a willing partner, safe sex supplies and go at it!



[by Kari Linder]



Newton Penguin

Einstein Penguin

Awesome Lists!

"What's in your wallet?"
- Capitol One

What is in my wallet:

My Driver's License
My student ID
My debit card
Dinosaur stickers
An Atkins receipt
A Whole Foods receipt
A business card for a hand bookbinder in Port Townsend
A flyer for a Fairy-Humans Relations Congress
My library card
A business card for the Dream Science Circus
A ticket stub for "Millions"
Six dollars

Last night's top five alphabet
soup spoonfuls:

1. yxtau
2. klgmqb
3. pqiewrw
4. Slobodan Milošević
5. swyxtz

Top Ten Titles for my Div II:

Photography for Social Change
Graphic Design for Social Change
Making Random Artsy Stuff and Getting Credit For It
Visual Communication in an Age of Media Transformation
I Love Italic Garamond Ampersands
Playing with Photoshop: A Practical Profession
Ban Comic Sans: A Personal Quest for Logical Font Usage
It's Really Stupid that the Hampshire Signs Don't Have Ligatures
Reading, Studying, Designing, and Creating Books
Filmmaking for Social Change

Things you can do if you love Jesus
other than honk:

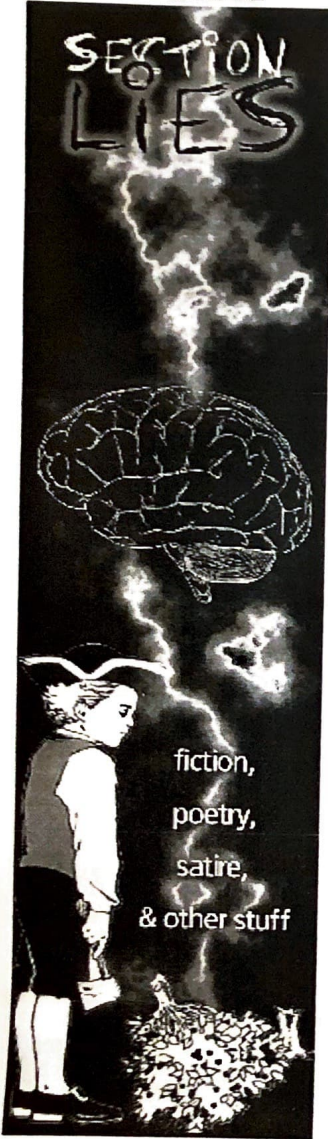
Send him a box of Ghirardelli chocolates
Pass him a note in history class
IM him
Text him
Tell your friend to tell him you like him
Burn an effigy of Guy Fawkes
Friend him on MySpace
Poke him on Facebook
Comment on his Livejournal

Paint Chip Colors Considered
when Redecorating SAGA:

Relentless Olive
Impromptu Blue*
Naive Peach
Neighborly Peach
Vampire Blood Red*
Social Butterfly
Bad Chinese Food Tan
Knockout Orange*
Emotional Yellow
Something Blue
Potentially Purple
Treehugger Green*
Taupe
Mocha

*Chosen





The Boy and The Bike

[by Enrique Van Slyke]

The boy with the blue and red bike made it clear to the hill that he was not afraid to go down it. The hill stood there and taunted the boy. Walking the red and blue bike to edge of the hill, the boy peered over and saw a distance to the bottom that was probably somewhere near one million feet steep. The tall, green trees laughed at the boy. The boy puffed out his chest and the trees went silent.

The black asphalt that leads the way to the bottom of the hill had no particular emotions about this epic event. It was just an asphalt road that's sole purpose was to be tread on and to allow other people to use it for their own means. But the asphalt didn't care, because it never knew any alternative. It didn't care if the boy made it to the bottom of the hill and pumped his arms excitedly in the air with triumph, or if the boy fell on his way down the hill and cracked his skull open with his brains splattering everywhere. What did the asphalt care if it had splattered brains all over it? Who did the asphalt have to impress?

The hill, on the other hand, had great interest in this event. Just as it had great interest in every car or bike that went up or down the hill. Ever since that damn asphalt road came along, the hill was being used. No longer was

it a haven for rabbits and foxes, bees and flowers, worms and all those other beautiful bugs. Now most of its trees were cut down and the cars pumped their exhaust out into the hill's lungs. The hill wanted the boy to fail, just like it wanted every car to fail as it went up or down the hill. Whether a tree fell in the boy's path or he hit a rock on the road, the hill would not allow the boy to make it down alive. No more bikes, no more cars, no more sneakers pounding along the road. Only the boy's brains splattered all over that damn asphalt.

The bike was probably more excited than the boy about going down the hill. The boy had always ridden the red and blue bike a block this way and then a block that way. The boy lived on top of a hill that was blocked on one end by a long fence that belonged to the crazy neighbors and on the other end was blocked by that amazingly steep descent of a hill that the boy had always been afraid of. The bike, being a bike, and having the instincts of a bike, wanted to travel far and long. But the boy kept the bike in the garage where it was dark and lonely because the garage was always mopey and the cars thought they were too good to be friends with the bike. Well now, it was the bike's moment to shine. It loved when the boy rode it, but it was getting

ured of just seeing the same old road. It needed to get out, to go down the hill, to see what was beyond the hill, to know more than that depressed garage and those snotty cars. The bike would feel the exhilaration of its wheels ripping across the asphalt and screaming goodbye to the world the hill confined it in.

Well the boy placed his butt on the seat and lifted both his feet onto the pedals. Without thinking, he pumped his leg muscles harder than he had ever done before in his life. Just as quickly though, the boy regretted his decision. The million foot steep, nearly vertical descent was roaring at the boy's imagination. He saw himself falling, hitting a rock, breaking his head open against the asphalt, brains splattering everywhere, trees laughing. He didn't want that. The boy panicked and he screamed inside of his head. The wind pressed against him, holding

him upright, forcing his eyes shut to protect against the sting of the cold rush of air. Just as he was certain he would never make it, the boy felt the decline of the hill lessen and he shot his eyes open. The boy and the bike had made it. He cheered and cheered, the hill cursed and cursed, the bike was overwhelmed with relief and excitement, and the asphalt wondered what all the commotion was about.

The little rock at the bottom of the hill saw all of this and was pretty darn interested in what it all meant. The little rock had been in this spot for quite sometime, maybe a week, but who knew, it had lost track of time. It had been there ever since the boy with the red and blue bike had kicked it off the top of the hill for his own amusement. The little rock didn't mind, of course. It always got excited when it moved somewhere new or something interesting happened to it.

It's fairly boring being a rock and it took any hint of excitement it could get, as most rocks did. The treads of the tires were becoming larger as they got nearer, and the rock could tell the boy was excited as he flailed his arms in the air triumphantly. The boy didn't even glance down at the rock as he was about to run over it. That was okay with the rock though, he was used to being ignored and disregarded. The rock saw the boy lose his balance and saw the bike crash to the asphalt ground and saw the brains splatter everywhere.

The hill was happy and the trees had a pretty good laugh.



History Of Hooters, Pt.1

[by Enrique Van Slyke]

“What should we call it? Well, results show ‘We Got Big Tits’ goes over well with the men.”



Beloved Hampshire Student "Enrique" Dead at 18, T-Rex Sought For Questioning.

[by Enrique Van Slyke]

Amherst, Mass. - At approximately 11:55 AM on Monday, a first-year student, "Harold" (name in this article changed to protect the witness - who's real name is Jay), knocked on his friend Brian Van Slyke's door. Brian, who is affectionately referred to as "Enrique" by students and staff abroad, had not shown up to his Politics, News, and Irony class which began approximately at 10:30 AM. Harold, who was concerned because Enrique is an amazing student and person in general and never misses a class and always turns in assignments promptly, went to Merrill's C building to look for Enrique and found a "gigantic dinosaur-like whole" knocked through the building. Harold says he was almost-immediately suspicious.

"I've been to his room a few times before, and something looked really different. I mean, first, sure, there was the big whole through the building but this is Hampshire. Kids do a lot of weird shit. It could have been someone's DIV III project. So I didn't think something was really wrong at first," Harold said at a press conference held on the library lawn.

However, when Harold knocked on Enrique's door, and there was no response, and the door was bloody, he began to suspect something was wrong. Harold went to public safety after a few hours of sitting around in his room and brought up his suspicions.

The P.S. called Enrique's intern, who after a while of lying around in his bed, let the officers into Enrique's room. Immediately they found Enrique in a sick display of having his ass-kicked. It was automatically identifiable that Enrique had been drop kicked. But the question was, by whom? Public Safety officers immediately identified the giant dinosaur-like whole in the Merrill building as a major clue.



Enrique, seen here with the T-Rex in question, during what was known as "better days."

"After talking to students, it was clear that Brian - or as they call him, Enrique - had had a past relationship with a Tyrannosaurs Rex." Pub Officers announced. "Students said the relationship was often rocky, causing a lot of roars and drop-kicking to take place."

Ryan, Enrique's friend in pre-Hampshire years, told The Omen that "[He] had been seeing the T-Rex on and off for quite some time. I kept telling him the T-Rex was bad for him. I knew he could do better than some

giant lizard. But he didn't listen to me. No matter how bad the relationship got. He would constantly insist that he needed the T-Rex. As far as I'm concerned, he got what was coming to him."

Enrique had been known to go around campus bragging about his ability to "drop-kick T-Rexes." Pub Safety officers now speculate that the T-Rex had simply gotten fed up with the spreading of slander, and had decided to act on Karma's side.

"Kids really need to watch what they say around here," President Hexler announced. "Challenging a T-Rex? I don't care who you are. That's just something you should know not to do. We'll be sure to send out a 'Daily Digest' via e-mail to all students once we have more information in the case of a confrontation with a T-Rex."

The Tyrannosaurs Rex is currently nowhere to be found, but authorities are hot on the trail through the Hampshire forest where a large path has just been destroyed in the shape of a large dinosaur.



I COULD NEVER GET THE HANG OF THURSDAYS

[A fortnightly column by Douglas Adams*]

Greeting, faithful and non-faithful readers alike! It's September once again, and for most of us, that means a proper return to the proverbial grind. Students return to school, labors continue their labor no longer harbored by desires of a summer vacation that will never come, and I, your columnist, return to the bi-monthly task of trying to write a column despite having little, if anything, to say. And this week, having failed to come up with something even slightly interesting with which to fill a page despite racking my brains, I have decided to talk a little bit about home furnishings, in particular, carpeting.

Now, I would be the first to tell you that I don't know the first thing about décor, in any way, shape or form. In the past, when assisting in the furnishing of a friend's flat, I've been told straight out that, while my strength is useful for the lifting of heavy objects, my sense of color and taste of furniture is flat out incorrect, and perhaps I should concentrate on not dropping the heavy objects while leaving the task of deciding where said objects go to one with more skill in this area. So I'm really not qualified to speak on this topic at all. Despite this, I have recently come to a certain conclusion that I wish to impart upon you all: I

believe that all rooms, hallways, and otherwise Indoor Spaces should be equipped with carpeting.

I came to this decision around three early this morning when, unable to sleep, I decided that I wanted to make some tea. I attempted to get out of bed, but the hard wood floor beneath my feet was so cold that by the time I managed to get out of bed and stumble to the kitchen, I was more than sufficiently awake as a direct result of literal cold feet. I'm sure I'm not the only one who has had this problem (and if I am, well, bugger).

So why not implant all indoor spaces with carpeting? Carpeting has an uncountable number of positive qualities. In addition to drastically decreasing the number of cold feet in any given household, it also muffles noise, improves the visual quality of any given room, and provides a comfortable sitting surface when chairs are either not available or not present. Furthermore, carpeting traps dust and dirt, making it easier to see and eventually clean, unlike bare floors that allow dirt to be moved by any wayward breeze.

I realize that there are many who might disagree with my carpet sentiments and would provide counter arguments such as follows:

carpeting easily gathers moisture from wet shoes or dripping ceilings and takes considerably more effort to dry than a bare floor, carpeting aids in the buildup of static electricity in the winter, and carpeting can be fire hazard in community living situations, if not installed by a professional. I have only this to say to ye nay-sayers: Do you have your own fortnightly column? No. If you did, you would understand that it is difficult to come up with something to write about every two weeks, and you'd be more likely to humor me, because yet again I have managed to create a column out of and about nothing, with my editor only asking where it was once. If you'd like to counter my argument properly, perhaps you should invest in your own bi-monthly column.

In the meantime, if you have the ability to professionally install carpets, perhaps you could get in touch with me. The best time to reach me is at three in the morning. I'll be putting on socks.

*The spirit of Douglas Adams is channeled by Rachel Rakov. All questions, complaints, and carpet installations can be directed to her.



[by Rachel Rakov]

**Damn, I
forgot my whistle.**

